FAMILIAR DIALOGUES

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION and AMUSEMENT

OF

CHILDREN

OF

FOUR and FIVE YEARS OLD.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by JOHN MARSHALL, at No. 4, ALDERMARY CHURCH-YARD, in BOW-LANE; and No. 17, QUEEN-STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

[Price FOUR-PENCE Bound and Gilt.]

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Familiar Dialogues, &c.

DIALOGUE I.

MAMMA *and* MARY.

MAMMA.

WHAT are you doing *Mary*? You ſeem very buſy.

MARY. I am trying to make a petticoat for my doll: but I cannot tell how it ſhould be done.

MAMMA. Come hither, and I will teach you. Shall you not be very glad when you can work and read? For then, you know, you will be able to make dolls cloaths, bonnets, and cloaks, and aprons, and frocks; and to read pretty ſtories and

ſongs without troubling any body to read them to you. Will not that be clever, think you?

MARY. But why cannot I read and work without being taught? You do. You make my ſiſters frocks, and petticoats and ſtays; and my bonnets, and tippets, and your own hats and caps, and I never ſee any body teach you: and why cannot I?

MAMMA. Becauſe you are a little girl; and little girls do not know any thing till their papas and mammas, or aunts, or ſomebody will be ſo kind as to teach them. When I was a little girl I could not read.

MARY: But you can read now: and I want to read, and to write, and to work, and to dance, and to teach my doll as you teach me.

MAMMA. Then you muſt take pains, and mind what I tell you, and remember and do as you are bid; and ſpell thoſe words which you do not know.

MARY. Yes, Madam! I do mind what you ſay; but when gentlemen and ladies read I never hear them ſpell; and I want to read as they do.

MAMMA. Then I will tell you, my dear, how you muſt learn. When I was a little girl, my papa and mamma taught me; and I ſpelt a great while before I

could read; and you know when you were as little as your ſiſter, you could not tell your letters; but by looking at them very often you learnt them all; and then I taught you to ſpell ba, be; and then you could ſpell words of one ſyllable; ſuch as cat, rat, dog, hog, fly.

MARY. There are a great many flies in the window now, may I not catch one of them?

MAMMA. No certainly. You muſt never touch the flies, it will hurt them; and it is very naughty to hurt any thing. Do you like to be hurt?

MARY. No, Madam! But my ſiſter *Kitty* took one in her hand yeſter-

day and killed it. Was ſhe very naughty?

MAMMA. No, my dear! becauſe little *Kitty* is a baby; and babies do not know any better. When ſhe ſtroked your face juſt now, ſhe put her finger

in your eye, but she did not know that it would hurt you; for little babies do not know any thing; and last night she wanted to take the lighted candle in her hand, for she did not know that it would hurt her. But you are four years old, and you know that little girls must never go near the fire, or touch the candle; nor, may they hurt flies. Little *Kitty* killed the poor fly when she took it in her hand. Poor little fly!

MARY. Why did you not tie *Kitty*'s hands? You tied my cousin *Robert*'s hands the other day when he whipped the cat out of the parlour; and whipped his legs with the sticks with which he beat puss.

MAMMA. Becauſe *Robert* is a great boy, and knows that to beat a cat will hurt it: and therefore, he was a naughty child to be ſo cruel as to hurt a poor cat that was quietly ſleeping on the ground. But little *Kitty* did not mean to hurt the fly which ſhe ſqueezed in her hand: for ſhe is a baby, and could not tell that the fly was alive; and you know ſhe cannot take any care of herſelf, my dear. She cannot walk, or talk, nor has ſhe any teeth. But when ſhe is older, then ſhe will know better, and will not touch the flies any more.

MARY. Look, Mamma, there is a butterfly in the window, it is much pret-

tier than flies. O, now it is flown into the garden! Let me go and see it; Shall I go and play out on that grass plot?

MAMMA. Yes if you please. But put on your bonnet, and tippet, and

gloves, for it does not look neat to see you go without them.

MARY. I cannot find my gloves; nor do I know where any of my things are. I threw them all down when I pulled them off, and somebody has taken them away.

MAMMA. But that was very careless, *Mary*: for you should always fold them up, and lay them in their proper places; or else give them to *Molly* to put away for you. Now you must stay in doors then, for I shall not let you go out unless you can find them. Do not look so cross! but smile, and be good-humoured! Nay, if you cry you must not go at

all. Little girls muſt not have any thing which they cry for. There is a good child, dry up your tears, and go and aſk *Hannah* whether ſhe has ſeen them, and another time put them in the drawer.

MARY. I have found them, Madam, *Hannah* picked them up and gave them to *Molly*, and ſhe took care of them for me. Was ſhe not very good? Now may I go Mamma?

MAMMA. Yes. And another time remember and do not throw them down; but carry them up ſtairs and put them away before you do any thing elſe. Did you ſay I thank you *Hannah!* for her being

ſo kind as to put your bonnet and gloves away.

MARY. Yes, Madam. Now ſee what a pretty courteſy I can make.

MAMMA. But you muſt look up my love, when you make a courteſy, and not

look upon your feet. And when you ſpeak to any body always look at them, or they will not be able to hear you ſo well.

MARY. I have been at play till I am quite tired. But, Mamma, look at my new doll. I found her in the garden where I left her yeſterday, and ſee all her face looks ſo ugly! She had roſy cheeks, and her face and neck looked ſo white and ſhiney; and now ſee, ſhe is all rough; and her face is ſtriped! I do not like her: and her petticoat and frock are wet, and her cap is all dropped together. Who has ſpoiled her ſo? I am very ſorry.

MAMMA. She is ſpoiled indeed! But nobody has touched her. You left your doll in the garden all night, and it rained a great deal; and the wet has waſhed the paint off her face, and her cloaths are ſpoilt by the rain. You muſt not leave your doll in the garden, but bring her in doors with you.

MARY. But when I went with papa to take a walk yeſterday, it rained very faſt, and we were both very wet: and yet my face did not grow ſtriped: my cheeks were quite red when I ran into Mr. *Lucky*'s parlour, and my neck did not feel ſo rough.

MAMMA. But you are not a doll, *Mary*. Little girls are waſhed with wa-

ter every day to make them clean; but dolls muſt not be waſhed, becauſe it will ſpoil them. For dolls are made of wood, and then they are painted, to make them look pretty for little girls to play with. Dolls cannot talk you know, they are only wood, or wax. Look, *Mary*, now the rain has waſhed off the paint, you can ſee the wood. Dolls muſt not be wetted. Poor *Mary*'s doll! Well, will you have this piece of bread to eat? Are you not hungry little girl? Do not eat ſo faſt, it is not pretty. See, puſs looks at you; ſhe means to ſay, Pray give me a bit of bread. Cats cannot talk. But hark! She ſays mew, mew, mew, that is a cat's way to aſk for a bit

of bread. Give her ſome. Poor puſs is hungry. Do not fill your mouth ſo full; it will choak you: it does not look pretty to ſee little girls eat ſo. Open the door *Mary*. *Pompey* is ſcratching to come in. Let in the little dog. Well, *Pompey!* how do you do? See, *Pompey* jumps upon you. Do not run away. He is glad to ſee you: he cannot ſpeak, and ſo he jumps to ſhew that he likes you, and he wags his tail to tell you that he is pleaſed. He will not hurt you. Stroke him. See how gentle he is! The dog cannot talk; but he ſhews what he wants. He puts out his tongue; he is thirſty, fetch him ſome water.

MARY. But he ſhould not put out his tongue. You tell me it is not pretty. You muſt not have any water if you put out your tongue *Pompey*.

MAMMA. Yes, give the little dog ſome drink. *Pompey* cannot ſpeak. If

you are dry, you can ſay, Pray, Madam, let me have ſome water? But dogs put out their tongues to ſhew that they are hot and thirſty.

MARY. Then I ſhall put my tongue out now, for I am very hot.

MAMMA. No, *Mary!* put in your tongue, it will not make you cooler; and you do not want any drink: you are a little girl. *Pompey* is a little dog. Little girls muſt not do the ſame things as little dogs do. Sit quiet and you will be cool. Exerciſe has made you hot.

MARY. What is exerciſe? I do not know what you mean.

MAMMA. Running and walking, jumping, and riding, is exerciſe; but ſitting

ſtill, or lying down is reſt. Any thing that moves, is called being in motion; but ſitting ſtill, or going to ſleep is called reſt. Do you underſtand what I ſay?

MARY. I do not know. Dinner is ready, come Mamma, let us go to dinner. Pudding is good. Let us call Papa to have ſome dinner.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE II.

MAMMA *and* HARRY.

MAMMA.

WHERE have you been to, *Harry?*

HARRY. In the garden. Look, I have

got ſome gooſberries. Will you eat ſome? *John* is gathering ſome for a pye, and he gave me all theſe.

MAMMA. But they are not good for you *Harry*, they will make you ſick. They will give you a pain in your ſtomach. Little boys muſt not eat fruit till it is ripe. They are ſour. They will be ſweet when they are quite ripe. Now they are green. Next month they will be red, *Harry*. That will be a red gooſberry. Some are green when they are ripe. Currants are red. Put theſe down on the table; when they are baked in the pye you ſhall eat ſome.

HARRY. How do you know they will make me ſick? Let me eat ſome to try? perhaps they will not hurt me? Pray let me eat a few?

MAMMA. Be a good boy, *Harry*. Good boys always do as they are bid. Mamma knows what is good for you; if you are ſick you muſt have ſome phyſic, and you do not like that you know. Butter is not good, nor fruit is not good for you till it is ripe.

HARRY. Why are there no trees in *London?* We have no garden there. I like a garden. Will you buy me a broom, Mamma, to ſweep the walks with?

MAMMA. You ſhall take a walk in the afternoon to Mr. *Sweepem*'s to get

you a broom, and then I will buy you a roller.

HARRY. Why does the gardener roll the walks? What is the uſe of it?

MAMMA. To make them look neat.

You kick up the ſtones with your feet when you run, and the rolling ſtone is heavy and preſſes them down again; and then it is ſmooth and nice to walk upon. Do not look out of the window when it is open, you will fall into the garden and hurt yourſelf ſadly. Little boys muſt not get up into the window when it is open, and they are in the room by themſelves. See, *Harry*, there are ſome cows going by, they are going to be milked. Then the little boy can have ſome milk and water. Ladies drink tea. Little boys drink milk and water and eat bread. Take care how you pull down that window. Have you pinched your finger? Poor little

boy! never mind it, it will be well presently; never mind being hurt, go and play. There are your nine-pins; when you are bigger you shall play at cricket. Walk upright, do not stoop so. When your Papa comes home he will set you before him, and you shall ride upon his horse. See how the dust flies. The wind blows, it is going to rain, then there will not be so much dust. Do not put your horse in Mamma's work-bag; it will tear it, and break the horse. Silly boy! Why did you cut off its tail?

HARRY. It will grow again. My hair was cut a little while ago, and now it is

almoſt in my eyes: my horſe's hair will will be thicker now it is cut.

MAMMA. No, it will not grow any more. Little boys hair will grow; but that is a wooden horſe. It is made to play with, and draw about. The tail

is faſtened on. See the mane is ſtuck on the wood, it is a bit of rabbit's ſkin. That horſe is not alive you know. Wood is not alive. It cannot walk. Unleſs you draw it, it will ſtand ſtill. Let go the ſtring. See, it cannot move. Thoſe wheels are to make it run when you pull the ſtring. Hark! the bells ring. Pretty ſound! Do you like to hear them? Liſten to the noiſe. Now they have left off ringing. The bells are at church. That is a church yonder. Look ſtraight forward; now you ſee it. Hark! liſten again! the church clock ſtrikes, one, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven. When it ſtrikes again, *Harry*

muſt go to-bed. Then ſhut the windows, and ſhut the doors, and bid the little boy good-night.

HARRY. Why muſt the windows and doors be ſhut? It makes it dark. I like to look about and ſee ſomething.

MAMMA. But you cannot ſee when you are aſleep. When little boys go to-bed they muſt ſhut their eyes, and go to ſleep directly: or elſe they will be ſleepy in the morning, and then they will not be able to play. Are you tired, *Harry?* Going to-bed will reſt you. Do not clamber upon the table, you will ſcratch it.

HARRY. Tables cannot feel. It will not hurt it. Why may I not walk upon tables? O! I have slipped down. I have hurt my leg, and have torn my frock. I have fallen on my horse,

it is broken, Mamma, pray mend it, its head is off, and one of its legs; why did it break?

MAMMA. Becauſe you got on the table; and the table is ſmooth and ſlippery, it is rubbed with wax to make it bright. *John* rubs it every day, and if you ſcratch it you will ſpoil it, and give *John* a great deal of trouble to rub it. You fell down on your horſe and broke it with your foot; do not get up on the table any more: go and ride on your rocking horſe: here is the new whip that Papa bought for you. Was he not very kind to buy a whip for you, *Harry?*

HARRY. I can buy one myſelf. Mr. *Trot* ſells whips. I know the way. I had rather buy one myſelf. I do not like this whip. I wanted a ſhort one. Such as *Robert* has who drove the poſt chaiſe. I will buy a better one.

MAMMA. Well, give me that, *Harry*; if you do not like it, I will keep it. Papa thought it would pleaſe you. You may buy one if you like it; but where is your money, little boy? Mr. *Trot* will not give you a whip unleſs you pay him for it.

HARRY. Pray give me ſome ſhillings, Mamma! How much will it coſt? I have got no money. I have not got

a pocket. Pray, Madam, give me ſome money.

MAMMA. I cannot ſpare you any money; I want my money to buy meat, and bread, and milk, and flour, or elſe you cannot have any thing to eat.

HARRY. How muſt I get money then? What ſhall I do for a whip? Pray give me that whip again which Papa bought.

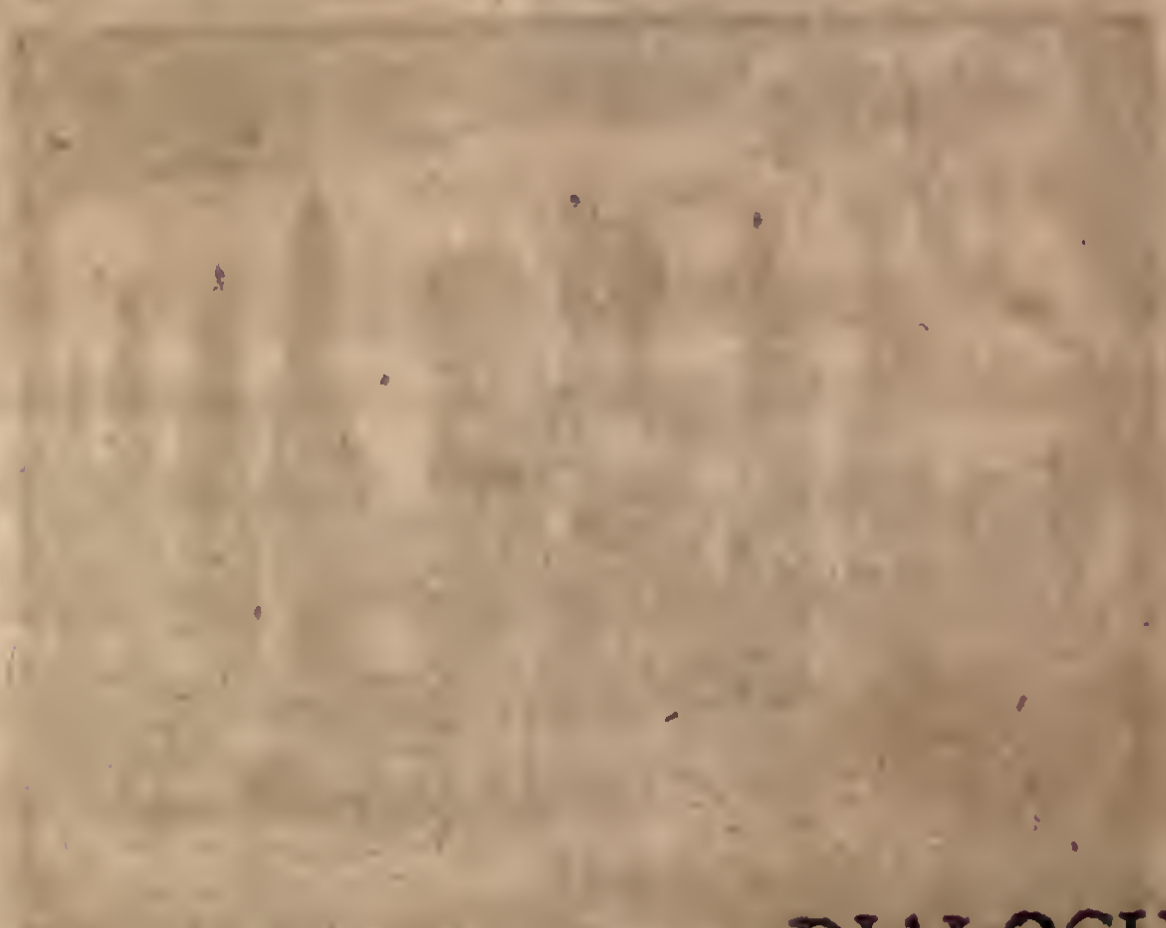
MAMMA. No, you did not like it you know. Little boys have nothing but what is given to them. You did not thank me for it. You muſt now go without one. Little boys cannot get victuals for themſelves, nor

cloaths, nor bread, nor milk, nor pudding, nor meat, nor any frocks, nor petticoats, nor ſhoes. Papa and Mama give you food. Food is what you

eat. Cloaths are what you wear. If Mamma did not make you frocks you would be naked and cold: and if *Betty* did not boil your milk, and make a pudding for dinner, you muſt go without, and be hungry. Little boys have nothing of their own. Every thing is Papa's and Mamma's. Papa's houſe, Papa's garden, Papa's carpet. Papa's money buys you play things; but if you are not contented with them; if you do not like them, he will not buy you any more. See, *Jenny* is come to put you to-bed. Good-night, *Harry*.

HARRY. But ſhall I have the whip to-morrow Mamma?

MAMMA. I cannot tell. We muſt aſk Papa. Go to-bed like a good boy; do not make *Jenny* wait.



DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE III.

MAMMA, HARRY, *and* MARY.

MARY.

PRAY, Madam, will you buy me a baby-houſe like Miſs *Playfull*'s?

Do you know, that laſt night ſhe ſhewed me a number of pretty things, ſuch as I never ſaw before. She has got a ſpit, and a jack to turn the meat round, and a dripping-pan, and three ſauce-pans, and hearth broom, and a bed, and a cradle, and a tin pump, and tea things, and tea-kettle, and a tea-board.

HARRY. And, Mamma, her brother *Jack* has got as many toys as his ſiſter: for he has a rocking horſe, and four or five whips, and tops, and marbles, and a cart, and a tin poſt-chaiſe with four horſes to it and two poſtillions. Will you not buy ſuch things for my ſiſter and me?

MAMMA. No, my dears, I have not got money enough to ſpare to buy you ſuch a number of toys; becauſe they will coſt a great deal; and I want all the money I have to buy you cloaths, and victuals, and chairs, and tables, and carpets, and beds for this houſe which you live in; and I have not any to ſpare for furniſhing a baby-houſe.

HARRY. But then you can go to the money ſhop and buy ſome; and afterward you will let us have ſuch pretty things as thoſe which *Jack Playfull* ſhewed me; will you not, Madam?

MAMMA. My dear there are no ſuch ſhops as thoſe which you mean.

People cannot buy money. Money will buy every thing; but money cannot be bought. Men and women work to get money. Mr. *Conſerve*, the grocer and confectioner, you know, makes cakes and raſberry jam, and currant jelly, and ſells currants, and raiſins, and ſugar, and tea: and Mr. *White*, the baker, makes bread; and bakes pies and puddings. The brewers make beer. The butchers ſell meat: and I ſometimes you know go to their ſhops and give them money for their ſugar, and bread, and beer. Your papa ſells woollen cloth to make gentlemens coats, and when they want cloaths they come to him, and give

him money for it: with that money he buys what he wants of other people.

HARRY. But then, where did money first come from? Who gave the

money to Mr. *Worthy* which he buys his meat and cloaths with? for you know he does not sell any thing.

MAMMA. Mr. *Worthy*, my love, has a great many fields and houses: and those persons who live in his houses give him money to let them live there. And the grass that grows in his fields will make hay; and that he sells for horses to eat; and oats, and rye, and barley; all which he sells and has money for. But money is first made of gold, and silver, and copper, which is all dug out of the earth.

HARRY. O! I am very glad you have told me that. I have just had my

ſpade mended, and I will go and dig as faſt as I can; and then I will give you the money, and you ſhall buy me and my ſiſter all that we want.

MAMMA. You ſhould ſay my ſiſter and me, *Harry*. It is not pretty to name yourſelf firſt. Whenever you mention any body elſe, always remember to ſay your own name the laſt. Suppoſe you were going to tell me that Papa and you took a walk this morning: you ſhould ſay Papa and I; not I and Papa went out together.

HARRY. I will think of what you tell me, Madam; but now let me go and dig, for I am in a great hurry to find ſome money.

MAMMA. My love, though I told you that money was dug out of the earth, you will not find any; for there is none in our garden, nor any where near us. It is brought from a great way off indeed, so you need not go out for that. Men dig very deep to find it: much deeper than such little boys as you could do; and it requires a great many men, and a long time to find any. The pits in the earth, which it is taken from, are called mines. There are gold, and silver, and lead, and copper, and tin mines. But you have never seen any. And as we have no mines here, it is needless for you to dig at present; as

you do not want to ſow, or plant any thing.

HARRY. I think I ſhould like to be a gardener: It is ſo pleaſant to be in the air, and to walk about; and climb up the ladder to nail the trees.

MAMMA. But as you are a little boy, I hope you do not get up the ladder; if you do you will fall down and hurt yourſelf ſadly.

HARRY. Yes, ſometimes I have ſtepped up one or two ſteps, but I will not do it any more, if you think I ſhall fall; for I remember little *Bobby Venture* broke his leg you know one day, by falling when he had got to the top of the ladder, which his father had put againſt Mr. *Lofty*'s houſe to mend the roof of it; and he told us how bad his little boy was when he came to mend Papa's ſtable.

MAMMA. *Bobby Venture* is a very silly boy, and does not mind what is said to him. His father builds houses and mends them (that is repairs them) when they are old, and he is called a

bricklayer. And when he goes to work he ſometimes takes *Bob* with him. When he was mending the top of Mr. *Lofty*'s houſe, he told little *Bob* not to touch the ladder, but to ſtay and play upon the ground, and beſure not to come up after him. But *Bob* did not mind, and when his father was up, he took both his hands full of mortar, and climbed up a little way and then he fell down; but he got up again and left the mortar upon the ground, and thought when he had not any thing in his hands he ſhould get to the top. So when he came very near his father his foot ſlipped, and he fell to the bottom, and

broke his leg, and hurt him a great deal, and now he cannot walk; but muſt lay in bed a long time, and perhaps will always be lame. What a dreadful thing it is when little boys and girls do not mind when they are ſpoken to! I hope my *Harry* and *Mary* will be always good.

DIALOGUE IV.

MAMMA *and* MARY.

MAMMA.

WHAT did you cry for laſt night, my dear?

MARY. Becauſe I wanted you to put me to-bed. Why do you ſit up ſo late, and have ſupper when I am gone to-bed? I wiſh, when it is time for me to be undreſt, you would always come up with me: I like you

ſhould do every thing for me better than *Hannah*. Pray, Madam, put me to-bed to-night, and then I ſhall not cry.

MAMMA. I hope you will not indeed, whether I do or not: for I do not think I ſhall; becauſe you were ſo ſilly laſt night. And, on *Tueſday*, when Mrs. *Wonder* was here, you behaved ſo ill that ſhe was quite aſhamed of you. Simple child to cry in ſuch a manner when you are going to bed! I am ſure *Hannah* is very kind to take the trouble to waſh you, and take off your cloaths, and put you to-bed; and you ſhould be much obliged to her I think, and

not cry, and fret ſo when ſhe comes to fetch you; otherwiſe I think ſhe had better go and leave you to cry by yourſelf: and then, as you cannot take off your cloaths, you would not be able to go

to-bed. It is a very ſilly trick, and indeed I ſhall never put you to-bed at all, if you weep ſo much when it does not ſuit me to go up ſtairs with you.

MARY. But if I bid *Hannah* undreſs me muſt ſhe not do it?

MAMMA. No, to be ſure. Not becauſe you bid her, if ſhe does not chuſe it herſelf: nor if ſhe does chuſe it, and was going to do any thing for you, if you do not ſpeak civilly to her, and ſay, Pray, *Hannah!* or, be ſo kind, *Hannah!* I hope ſhe will not do any thing for you. Little girls muſt never talk of *bidding* any body do a favour for them.

MARY. But it is no favour, is it,

for *Hannah* to put me to-bed? She is always to do it: it is her place.

MAMMA. Pray, my dear, what do you mean by place? I tell you I think the maids are very kind, when they either dreſs you or get your breakfaſt, or walk with you, or do any thing for you.

MARY. But Maſter *Haughty* the other day, when we drank tea there, did not ſpeak civilly to his maids. You know, Madam, I went into the nurſery with him, and he ſaid, give me ſome bread and butter: and Mrs. *Nanny* told him to wait till ſhe had untied his brother's hat: and he ſaid, No, I will not! I

I will have it directly! And then he called her names, and ſlapped her hands, and ſaid it was her *place* to mind what he bade her. And when h's tea was ready, ſhe wanted to put a pin-cloth be-

fore him, to keep him clean, that he might not ſpoil his cloaths; and he ſtamped and ſcreamed, and would not have it on at all, and ſnatched the cup out of his brother's hand, becauſe he would be ſerved firſt, and ſpilled it all down his coat, and wetted his ſtockings and his brother's coat too; and then he cried a great deal, and told Mrs. *Nanny* ſhe ſhould have given him the milk and water when he firſt aſked for it; and that it was all her fault.

MAMMA. And do you think it was, my dear?

MARY. No, for she was going to give it him if he had had patience; but he was in such a hurry!—To be sure he was very naughty!

MAMMA. I think so indeed. And he should have his hands tied behind him for snatching, and his legs tied together for stamping, and a handkerchief tied over his mouth for speaking so rudely, and have gone without any thing to eat or drink. He was a very naughty boy; and if I had known he would have behaved so bad, you should not have gone with him: for naughty children should not play with my good little *Mary*, for fear they should

teach her to behave like them. So pray, my dear, never talk of *bidding* any body do any thing for you, for it does not ſound at all pretty for little girls to talk in that manner.

There was once a little boy whoſe name was *Jack Wilfull*, and he behaved ſo bad, and ſpoke ſo rudely to the ſervants, that they all determined not to do any thing for him, till he would ſpeak civilly, and be a better child. One morning when his maid went to dreſs him, he told her that he would not get up; that his Mamma ſhould put his cloaths on, and that ſhe might go down ſtairs. Then he called his

Mamma to come to him, and aſked her to dreſs him, for he wanted to get up. But ſhe was very angry with him for ſpeaking ſo rudely to *Betty*, (for his maid's name was *Betty*) and would not take any notice of ſuch a naughty child; but went away and left him to lay in bed.

There he lay, ſcreaming, and crying, *Betty! Betty! Betty!* you ſhall come and dreſs me! you muſt come and dreſs me! I will be dreſſed! I will get up! I muſt get up now! But nobody minded his crying, or went near him to help him till breakfaſt was over: and then *Betty* was ſo kind as to go into the room to ſee whether he would be a good boy. *Jack* was then ſo tired of his bed, that he had tried every way he could think of to dreſs himſelf; but he could not lace his ſtays, nor could he untie his night-cap; ſo he began to find that unleſs *Betty* would help him he ſhould not be able go down ſtairs. When *Betty*

came into the room, he told her that he would be a good boy, and ſaid, if you pleaſe to dreſs me now, I ſhall be obliged to you. So ſhe very kindly put on his cloaths, and he made her a bow, and went down ſtairs. But when *Jack* came into the parlour, and found his breakfaſt had been taken away, he cried again, and told *Betty* to bring it up, for he would have it. His Papa, when he ſaw his little boy ſo naughty, deſired that nobody would do any thing to help him all day. He might try, if without the ſervants aſſiſtance he could get his dinner, or any bread, or water, or any thing which he

wanted; and then he would learn to ſpeak civilly, and he obliged to any body who ſhould be ſo kind as to aſſiſt him. When dinner was ready, *Jack* was in the garden; but he could not

open the door to get in, ſo there he was obliged to ſtay. When he was tired with his play, and he had waited a great while, it began to rain; and *Jack* was very cold and wet; but he was a little boy, and as he could not reach to open the door himſelf, and *Betty* would not do it for him, becauſe he was naughty, he could not get into the parlour, nor ſhelter himſelf from the wind and rain. At laſt *Betty* let him come in. He was very hungry, very wet, and very cold; and he found that a little boy is much obliged to any body who will aſſiſt him. So he promiſed always for the future to mind what was ſaid

to him, and to ask for what he wanted civilly.

MARY. I think *Betty* was very kind to open the door for him, as he had been such a naughty boy: but you know I can open our door myself, and come in when I please; so if dinner were ready, that could not make me go without, and be hungry.

MAMMA. But you must always be civil, and good-natured, or else *Hannah* will not love you. She will think you are an ill-tempered child, which would be sad a thing, you know. And although you can open the door yourself, there are a great many things which you can-

not do. You cannot your get own breakfaſt, nor waſh or dreſs yourſelf; nor can you take off your frock when you want to go to-bed. So you muſt always be good, and ſpeak civilly, and not be ſo whimſical as to cry becauſe *Hannah* puts you to-bed inſtead of Mamma. What does it ſignify, my love? I am always with you when I can, and it ſuits me. But if you cry for me ſo often, I muſt not have you in the parlour. And if you do not behave well to *Hannah*, there will not be any body to take care of you.

MARY. I will be a good girl, Madam; but I love you better than any body elſe, except my Papa.

MAMMA. So I would have you, my dear: but when it is proper for you to be with *Hannah*, or any other perſon, you ſhould try to be merry and good-humoured, and not fret and be peeviſh.

THE END.

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